MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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Selections.

"*Farieus*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

ON FORTUNE TELLING.

ONE who is not ſtrongly fortified in incredulity, will ſometimes be halt perſuaded to believe in the pretenſions of thoſe who diſcover future events, by other means than the ordinary ones of ſight and hearing. A ſtory ſhall be related, ſo directly, conſiſtently, and circumſtantially, that one who has not formed an invincible opinion, *a priori*, that it cannot be true, can ſcarcely refuſe his aſſent.

As our knowledge, indeed, comes to be enlarged, and a few of the myſteries of this kind are unravelled, we are more diſpoſed to admit the poſſibility of explaining all ſimilar myſteries by the ſame means. Here is a ſtory, which was one altogether marvellous; a diſcovery is made by ſome ſooth-ſayer, which appears to us impoſſible but by ſupernatural means; yet the means, when afterwards explained, turn out to be natural and ſimple. Hence when other exploits of a conjuror are related, no leſs marvellous and inexplicable than the former one, we naturally ſay, "the old ſtory was as wonderful as this, and the riddle as inexplicable, yet it was afterwards ſolved, in a plain and ſatisfactory manner: why may not this be explicable in the ſame manner?"

The ſceptical part of the world are not aware of the prevalence of the belief in ſupernatural powers, among the middle and lower claſs of mankind. The popularity of ſome fortune-tellers is, indeed wonderful, and many have been enabled to acquire conſiderable affluence by this myſterious trade. Very grave, ſhrewd, and experienced people, many who have natural good ſenſe, and minds enlarged by obſervation, are fully convinced of the exiſtence of this preternatural ſagacity. They are willing to receive any *natural* explanation of appearances; but when neither reflection nor experience can ſolve the myſtery in this manner, they deem themſelves bound, by all the laws of juſt reaſoning to, acquieſce in the pretenſions of the wizard. As they have not reaſoned themſelves *a priori*, into the belief that ſuch things are chimerical, they are, of courſe, compelled to admit that ſolution, when, what we call a natural one is unattainable.

I ſhall not pretend to decide between the univerſal infidels and the qualified believers, or ſay to which party I ſhould be inclined to adhere, were I obliged to take a part. Like Addiſon's creed, as delivered in one of his Spectators, reſpecting witchcraft, perhaps it would be ſafeſt to admit the poſſibility, in general, of ſuch foreſight or ſecond ſight, in a few individuals of the human race, but, at the ſame time, to refuſe implicit credit to any particular caſe that may happen to reach us through the medium of any other evidence than that of our own proper ſenſes. The little credit which is merited by almoſt all relations of this kind, is, I think, pretty forcibly illuſtrated in the two following caſes:

A very grave and intelligent friend of mine loſt a conſiderable ſum of money. All his inquiries and reflections were unable to point out to him the way it was taken. After ſome heſitation, he reſolved to apply to a gentleman of the ſame town, who had acquired, by ſome accident, the reputation of ſeeing further than other men. After ſtating all the circumſtances of his loſs to his friend, he was deſired to go at the dawn of the next day, to one of the churches of the place, which was named, and look under the broad ſtone, placed at the door of the church. There, he was told, he would find depoſited the ſum miſſing. He was charged to keep ſecret the reſult of this interview, till he had performed his expedition. He punctually obeyed the injunctions of the ſeer, and recovered his money. As the character and ſituation of the perſon applied to, made it impoſſible for him to have been either the thief or the accomplice, the myſtery, in this caſe, ſeems to have been as impenetrable as in almoſt any which can be imagined; yet it was afterwards reduced to a very ſimple and obvious tranſaction by the acknowledgment of the gentleman himſelf, on my venturing to apply to him for ſome ſatisfaction on the ſubject. He told me, that by carefully weighing all the circumſtances of the caſe, as related by my friend, his ſuſpicions were fixed upon a certain perſon, to whom, immediately after the interview, he wrote an anonymous letter, requiring him to depoſit the money he had ſtolen, in the place above deſcribed, at a certain hour, previous to the time fixed for the other's viſit. His conjecture happened to be right, and the money was depoſited accordingly; ſo that this effort of preternatural wiſdom reſolves itſelf into a mere ſuperiority of penetration.

In the reign of Charles the ſecond, a conjuror appeared in London, whoſe fame was quickly extended to the higheſt claſſes of ſociety. His door was beſieged all day long, by coaches, ſo that many, after waiting a long time, were obliged to return home unſatisfied. Numberleſs were the inſtances reported of this man's inſight into the private hiſtory and family intrigues of thoſe claſſes of ſociety, which could not be known, by any natural means, to one of the birth and education to be expected in a teller of fortunes. Anthony Hamilton's amuſing hiſtory of the count de Grammont, explains this myſtery, and tells us that this conjuror was no other than the earl of Rocheſter, that ſhrewd, ingenious, but profligate nobleman, who aſſumed this diſguiſe for the ſake of more effectually ſporting with the credulity of the age. Rocheſter, to an extenſive and intimate acquaintance with the character and hiſtory of the individuals of the higher claſs, added great natural ſagacity, and keen perception into the habits and foibles of mankind. We may eaſily conceive how much his communications muſt have aſtounded his viſitants, and how many of them would tranſcend the utmoſt exertions of ſagacity to explain in a natural manner.

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CURE FOR THE VAPOURS.

A SERVANT maid went to a lady of quality, to hire herſelf in the capacity of houſe maid. Pray, my lady, ſays the girl, who is to rub the furniture, the footman or me? Neither, replies her ladyſhip, I do it every day myſelf for my health's ſake; and wiſh other ladies of quality would do the ſame, to cure them of the vapours, which proceed entirely from habits of inactivity and indolence.

This is an example well worthy of imitation in the preſent age of luxury and diſſipation.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

"Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart."

An immortal mind cannot long be delighted with the pleaſures of time. It muſt be fed with nobler, with heavenly food.—Earth with all its enjoyments will be forgotten, riches will eſcape the miſer's eager graſp, and mirth flee before the votaries of pleaſure. How empty, then, are the vain purſuits of earthly good! Regardleſs of the ſublime enjoyments of futurity, we eagerly graſp at the world, till, like the dagger of the aſſaſſin, it pierces to the heart. The hopes of the thoughtleſs multitude reach not beyond the veil of time; but the chriſtian's hope brightens with the decays of nature. No clouds of anxiety darken the ſun of his proſperity. No alarming fears diſturb his midnight repoſe. Hope is an anchor to his ſoul, which, amidſt all the ſtorms of life, directs him forward, with enraptured joy, to ſeats of immortal bliſs. He 'leans not on earth,' no; his truſt is in Him whoſe promiſe never fails. When afflictions aſſail, and poverty threatens him, when death knocks at his door, he repoſes in the arms of faith, he can eaſily part with the world, for this is not his portion. But where is the infidel to look for enjoyment, when his body ſleeps in the duſt? Does he hope his exiſtence will then be at an end? he ſtarts with horror at the thought! reaſon convinces him of its abſurdity.

Religion brightens in the ſhades of retirement. The hurry of buſineſs, and the rude ſcenes of mirth, drown the whiſpers of conſcience, and quench the vital ſpark of religion. The chriſtian will often retire to converſe with his God. There he enjoys his ſweeteſt moments, there he taſtes the pleaſures which it is not in the power of earthly objects to afford. When he withdraws from noiſe and diſturbance—when he meditates at leiſure on theſe great truths, which have never been ſeriouſly enough conſidered, it is almoſt impoſſible that he ſhould not be affected with them. Intercourſe with the world cools our affections for religion, and darkens the hopes of future enjoyment, in the ſame proportion that it increaſes our attachment to the preſent. If we would breathe a purer air, we muſt ſhun the noxious vapours of vice, we muſt flee from it, as more dangerous than the plague or the peſtilence. Ye friends of humanity; when you behold the greater part of mankind eagerly purſuing the fleeting vanities of time, and forgetting the joys of immortality, then retire & heave a ſigh for human depravity; but retire not in vain. Reſolve to quit your follies ere you again immerge in ſinful pleaſures.

All the moments of our lives are counted. Let us employ them well or ill, we ſhall not increaſe their number, it is fixed and leſſens continually. Is then our treaſure on earth? It will vaniſh in the hour of diſtreſs. Is it in heaven? It will increaſe in value through a boundleſs eternity.

Youth and beauty may fall before the corroding hand of time, like the tender flower before the chilling blaſts of autumn. The brighteſt morning may ſoon be overcaſt with clouds; and ſtorms of adverſity may drive us far from the ſmiles and careſſes of our friends; happy beyond expreſſion, if in theſe moments religion be our guide. This will ſmooth the furrowed front of age, and blunt the barbed arrow of death. This will brighten our hopes when all other enjoyments have fled, when gaiety ceaſes to pleaſe, and mirth can no longer delight.

Communications.

'Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
'Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.'

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS...No. 3.

B——d, May 14, 1806.

DEAR M..Y,

It may perhaps be ſaid, that females are ſo occupied with domeſtic concerns, as to have but little time, that can be devoted to other purſuits. With many it is the caſe; but the daughters of parents in eaſy circumſtances have ſufficient leiſure, without neglecting any thing important, to acquire ſuch a fund of information as will enable them to think correctly, and converſe with propriety.

It is unfortunate for young ladies, that there are really ſo few advantages for gaining a ſolid foundation for uſeful education. There are indeed many boarding ſchools and academies, but it ſeems they are rather calculated for the embelliſhments of their perſons and forming their manners, than any thing that may be ſubſtantially uſeful to them, when called to act the part which, with few exceptions, they anticipate with ſatisfaction, that is, to be placed at the head of a riſing family: they may learn needlework and dancing, and gain a ſmattering of language or languages; but the acquiſitions which have commonly been derived from theſe ſources have been external. It appears like erecting a ſuperb edifice on a ſlight foundation, and adorning it with every thing calculated to catch the eye, and excite the admiration of a ſpectator, while the apartments within are not only unfurniſhed, but neglected and unfiniſhed, and unfit to receive ſuch furniture as would be anſwerable to the outſide.

To me it ſeems as proper, and even neceſſary, that Miſſes who have proſpects of moving in the higher circles of life, ſhould, as far as conſiſtent with gaining a competent knowledge of common needlework and ſome ſmall attention to houſhold concerns, be kept, from the ages of nine or ten, to thirteen or fourteen years, at ſchools, where reading, writing, arithmetice and the languages are taught, as that boys ſhould, who are to receive claſſic educations. They do not generally require that ſeverity of treatment which is often eſſential in a ſchool of boys,—they have a higher ſenſe of propriety—their ſenſibilities are quicker—and their attention is more eaſily arreſted and retained; but ſtill it is neceſſary that they ſhould be under ſuch government as can control them, and prevent them from paſſing their time in idleneſs. In the courſe of three or four years they would, under good inſtructors, acquire ſtudious and induſtrious habits, and lay a foundation for uſefulneſs and reſpectability. They would be well qualified for reading; their minds would be enlarged and invigorated, and they would not be ſo much expoſed to be captivated by dreſs, and charmed with the numerous objects which have nothing but their novelty to recommend them. They might in the courſe of this time, read ſuch books by way of amuſement, as are adapted to give a proper direction to their minds, and aſſiſt them in forming a juſt eſtimate of human life. The Bible, although an inexhauſtible treaſure of every thing ſuitable to render our journey through life pleaſant to ourſelves and beneficial to our neighbours, and to prepare us for ſuperior enjoyments in a future ſtate, ſhould not be read but with the utmoſt care, and collected attention. Many parts of it, when read by young perſons, require explanation by one whoſe judgment is matured, and whoſe mind is enlarged by reading and reflection. It has perhaps been the caſe, that many young perſons have imbibed prejudices againſt it, by having been obliged to read it as a taſk; and whatever may tend to diſguſt the mind with its precepts and doctrines ought to be avoided. P——.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

TEMPUS EGET NON DEFENSORIBUS ISTIS.

Many people, though rationally convinced of the Poet's aſſertion, practically deny it. Their daring genius has challenged time for better evidences, and more ſeaſonable proofs of its unfolding myſteries. Men renowned for wiſdom, have aſpired to perfection, and held out for a long time in a deluſive hope that they ſhould enlighten and cement ſociety: But their aggrandizement has ever been ſought in the ruin of their neighbours, and the accumulated

vices attendant on their ambition and luxury have accelerated their deſtruction.

A man is not to blame for enquiring of his friend concerning the buſineſs of life and things ripe for the public ear, but for making a merit and buſineſs of prying into ſecrets, which do not concern him, at the expenſe of the character and happineſs of his neighbour. 'Tis even ſo, "A talebearer gapeth to receive and reveal ſecrets, but he that is of a faithful ſpirit concealeth the matter."

A former acquaintance called to ſpend an hour with me, the other day; when he was ſeated, he immediately enquired for news; upon this, I aſked him what kind of news he was in purſuit of; upon which, he refuſed to hear any thing upon the common concerns of life, but wiſhed for ſomething ſingular and alarming, and ſoon diſcovered that the loſt reputation and injured innocence of ſome acquaintance was peculiarly delightſome. Upon this I took the liberty to read a ſentence from a book I then held in my hand, as follows--"A man that will exult in the immolation of a ſuppoſed execrable criminal, is allowed to be implacable to that ſin which takes from him the power and emolument of pardoning all others. If he ſmiles at this he can never forgive. When he weeps at the crimes that debaſe ſociety, he acts in character. His tears conceal his joy. He ſees in them the pledge of his own importance; and fondly dreams his exaltation is at hand."

Could we practically believe that "*time wanted no ſuch defence*," but, that it would unfold every thing in due and eſtabliſhed order, we might learn to ſhun a thouſand vices and troubles, and enjoy a thouſand pleaſures which now our eyes ſee not, nor ears hear. Without ſinking into lethargy, or perplexing our minds with anticipation, we might know every thing in its ſeaſon, and enjoy and improve our moments as they fly. But *would* we attend to the ſucceſſive moments, and to the awful truth, that, when they are once gone, they are gone forever, we ſhould double our diligence in the improvement of them, without a deſire to impeach them for delay. We ſhould improve them, that we might be virtuous; we ſhould be virtuous, that we might be happy. EUPHIA.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

MOTIVE OF ESSAYISTS.

THOSE who write for the innocent diverſion of the public, ſhould make it a rule to purſue every hint which may be uſeful to the community—to make known every epidemical vice, and publiſh every uncommon virtue; thus demoliſhing any thing prejudicial to morality, and building up, and ſupporting every thing in its favour.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

Sentimental Gleaner...No. 6.

'I have ſtray'd
'Wild as the mountain bee, and cull'd a ſweet
'From every flower that beautified my way.'

SAY, ye moſt refined thinkers on human bliſs, from what natural incident or quarter can you derive ſo many ſources of grateful enjoyment, as from the earth apparelled in verdure, and the heavens, again ſmiling over the labours of men, dropping with dew! What an innocent feaſt to the ſenſes is preſented in every field, on every hill, in every vale! To what point can we turn the hurrying, eager eye, where it is not ſatisfied and refreſhed? With what a wild, yet chaſte, fancy has nature mixed her colours, how gaily painted her robe! How bountifully has ſhe ſcattered her flowery bloſſoms, with what luxuriance has ſhe flung her odours, and what delightful melody does ſhe waken from the grove! while every ſenſe is pleaſed, the organs of each are ſtrengthened; for cheerfulneſs is inſpired by the ſcene, and health is caught in the gale. The morning ſun himſelf ſeems to reſt over the view, and diſpenſe his moſt benignant ſmiles on the infant year. The delights of this ſeaſon, from charming the body, paſs to the mind. The manner in which they influence each other we know not; we are only certain of the fact; and there are few but will allow they have felt an unuſual ſerenity, livelineſs, and joy, while the ſurrounding objects were congenial to ſuch diſpoſitions; when the garden breathed perfume, and the gladdened choir of the woods poured forth the notes of rapture.

Where is that PERFECT ESTEEM which precludes all exception, however ſecret, which leaves no room to regret in ſilence the imbecility of our common nature?—The beautiful phantom is much talked of amongſt the tribe of *lovers*, and the fond admirers of *viſionary* excellence: but the experience of life, and the coolneſs of reaſon, will ſeldom give it much credit. He is but little acquainted with the world or himſelf, who hopes to meet very often with thoſe who ſhall not, on a near inſpection, find in him ſome failings, or, whilſt they are ſo kind as to applaud him for all his virtues, will be ſo frank as to inform him at the ſame time of all his faults—Where, alas, is the ſingular man, that would thoroughly reliſh ſuch frankneſs? But if this be the caſe among the beſt and wiſeſt friends, what is to be expected from others? How are we to underſtand their ſmiles? how eſtimate their compliments? It is indeed a humiliating idea, that in the general currency of ſeeming benevolence and reſpect, there ſhould probably be ſo little genuine coin.

Literary Notice.

PROPOSALS are iſſued for printing the *Sacred Mirror*, or compendious view of Scripture Hiſtory: containing a faithful narration of all the principal events recorded in the Old and New Teſtaments, from the creation of the world to the death of St. Paul. With a continuation from that period to the final deſtruction of Jeruſalem by the Romans. Deſigned for the mental improvement of youth, and particularly adapted to the uſe of ſchools. By the Rev. Thomas Smith, author of the Univerſal Atlas, &c. &c. To which is added, a copious Index, not contained in the Engliſh edition.—The work will conſiſt of upwards of 300 pages duodecimo, printed on a handſome type and paper. The price to ſubſcribers will be One Dollar.—Subſcriptions for the above work are received at the Bookſtore and Lottery-Office of THOMAS & WHIPPLE, Market-ſquare.

Married,

At Glouceſter, Dr. *John Kittredge*, to Miſs *Mary Plummer*.—Mr. *John Piper*, to Miſs *Betſy Collins*, daughter of D. Collins, Eſq.

At Rowley, on the 21ſt inſt. the Rev. *Nathaniel Todd*, of Shenectady, N. Y. to Miſs *Eliſabeth Greene Bradford*, daughter of the late Rev. Ebenezer Bradford.

In this town, *Silas Short*, jun. of Newbury, to Miſs *Mary Pearſon*, of this town.

Died,

At the Cape of Good Hope, in January laſt, Mr. *Joſeph M. Jenkins*, aged 22, ſon of the late Mr. L. Jenkins of this town.

In this town, greatly lamented, Mr. *Robert Long*, jun. ag. 27.

On Wedneſday morning, Capt. *Lawrence Furlong*, aged 72—His funeral will proceed from his late dwelling-houſe in Winter-ſtreet, this afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

The Maſter, Wardens, and Brethren of St. John's Lodge will attend the funeral, and they, with the Brethren of the other Lodges, are requeſted to meet at Maſon's Hall, at 4 o'clock, to join the proceſſion.

For the Ladies.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, BY
THOMAS & WHIPPLE,
AND FOR SALE AT THEIR BOOK-STORE,
Sign of Johnson's Head, *Market Square,*
In a beautiful 12mo volume, on fine woven paper,
A new and intereſting work, entitled,
Letters to a Young Lady,
ON A COURSE OF
Engliſh Poetry.
BY J. AIKIN, M. D.

——Hail, ye mighty maſters of the lay,
Nature's true ſons, the friends of man and truth,
Whoſe ſongs ſublimely ſweet, ſerenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth:
For well I know, wherever ye reſide,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.—Minſt.

May 10, 1806.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING,
IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,
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BY W. & J. GILMAN,
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Poetry.

Communicated for the Magazine.

RESIGNATION.

BE ſtill my cares, nor heave my ſoul;
My throbbing boſom check thoſe ſighs;
Let ſorrow's whelming billows roll,
And fierceſt winds of trouble riſe.

Soon all the pains of life ſhall ceaſe,
Nor vex my anxious ſpirit more,
My faith beholds celeſtial peace,
On Canaan's promis'd bliſsful ſhore.

Theſe toilſome hours I ſpend below,
Shall be repaid with endleſs joy,
In that bright world, where cank'ring woe
Shall ne'er a moment's peace deſtroy.

Why, O my ſoul, why ſhouldſt thou mourn,
And thus inceſſantly complain?
Think what for thee thy Saviour bore,
Compare thy ſuff'rings with his pain.

And taught by this, my heart would reſt,
Submiſſive to Heaven's high decree;
All things, dear Jeſus, work the beſt,
For thoſe the Father ſees in thee.

O could I tacitly ſubmit,
Nor at ſome tranſient woes repine;
Lord, I were proſtrate at thy feet,
O, let me know no will but thine.

Quicken'd by thee and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from thy ſap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

Grafted in thee by grace alone,
In growth I daily riſe;
And rais'd on this foundation-ſtone,
My top ſhall reach the ſkies.

THE FATHER:

Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT I. *SCENE I.*

IN CONTINUATION.

Col. Who is this friend of yours?

Rack. A Britiſh officer, Sir, who arrived the other day from Halifax; he ſtays a few days to amuſe himſelf—

Col. With your wife; very pretty and perfectly a la militaire.

Rack. Sir, my opinion of my wife's virtue, is not to be ſhaken by trifles.

Col. I hope ſhe deſerves it.

Rack. I do not know, Sir, what has given riſe to your inſinuation—but if you pleaſe to walk in and ſtay with us, I hope every prejudice you may have conceived will be removed.

Col. I will follow. [*Exit Racket.*

I fear I have done wrong in giving my friend's daughter to this man; there is a ſtrange alteration; I long to ſee her ſiſter; when their father died, he call'd the pretty prattlers to his bed, and laying a hand on each, he look'd in my face moſt wiſtfully. (*Takes out his handkerchief.*) "Duncan," ſaid he, "theſe babes have loſt an angel mother! I too am going: I have nought to leave them but you;"—And I have loved them, Felton--(*wipes his eyes*)—if thy departed ſpirit views the deeds of once dear friends, ſurely thou art pleaſed to ſee, that I have dragged theſe aged limbs ſo many weary miles, to watch and guard their fortunes.—Yes, Felton, while this heart beats, they ſhall feel my protection; and when theſe grey hairs no longer ruffle in the wind, ſtill ſhall they feel and bleſs it. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Col. Duncan and Cartridge.

Col. Well, Cartridge, ſince I have had your opinion of the reſt of the family, what think you of Mr. Racket's aunt, Widow Grenade?

Car. Why your honour, I think it's a pity ſhe is not an officer's lady.

Col. Why ſo, Cartridge?

Car. Why Sukonnah ſays, Sir, that ſhe is ſo fond of every thing military, that ſhe makes the cook form every diſh that comes to table into ſome kind of fortification.

Col. If we had our grais plot here, we might amuſe the widow by ſome military matters of our directing.

Car. Yes, Sir, that we might. I have juſt come from reconnoitering one of the ſweeteſt places for carrying on a ſiege that ever was made.

Col. Where, Cartridge?

Car. In Mr. Racket's garden, your honour. If we can but get leave to dig it up.

Col. I will take a look at it bye and bye. Have the trunks come yet, with the reſt of the baggage; and the artillery trunk?

Car. Not yet, your honour. I have got three boots in the trunk that have not a hole in them; they will make moſt excellent two and thirty's. I think ſometimes, your honour, that your honour and I are ſomething like Capt. Shandy and Trim, when we are buſy in our grais plot, forming ſieges and ſtorming cities.

Col. I wiſh we were ſuch good hearted creatures, Cartridge.

Car. Not that I am worthy to be compared to the gallant corporal, but only as you uſe me, as he was uſed; but *you*, one would ſwear was his maſter's twin brother in goodneſs: Oh, your honour, how did you make me love you, when you was lying on the field at Monmouth, weltering in your blood, the ſun ſcorching you to death, and you gaſping with heat and thirſt; I gave your honour my canteen with buttermilk, and you would not drink till you had given it to the Britiſh grenadier that was dying by the ſide of you.

Col. Cartridge, you ſhould not mention theſe things. I would rather march up to a breach in the face of a regiment's fire, than to be told that my actions are virtuous.

Car. Your honour need not bluſh. I'm ſure I did not mean to offend your honour.

Enter Widow Grenade *and Miſs* Felton.

Wid. Colonel, you had better have your portmanteau carried up ſtairs to your room; it is neceſſary to have an eye to the baggage, & as you intend to reinforce our garriſon, I would adviſe to detach Cartridge from the main body for the preſent, and give that charge to him.

Car. Bleſs her, how ſhe talks!

Col. Cartridge, let this lady's counſels always be conſidered as commands.

Car. Your honour. [*Exit with portmanteau.*

Wid. I ſee every day, Colonel, how well gallantry agrees with the profeſſion of arms: as my dear Capt. Grenade uſed to ſay, "Why ſhould I draw my ſword but to preſerve and ſerve the fair." You, Colonel, have through life—if we may judge by the preſent—made arms and the fair your ſtudy.

Col. I have always ſtudied to pleaſe the fair, at leaſt I have always felt the wiſh to pleaſe them, Madam; but my ſtudy of arms is of a later date: your nephew, Mr. Racket, has not ſpoken much of me, or you might have known that phyſic was my profeſſion, till my country's wrongs called me to change the lancet for the ſword, and join my endeavours to rid her of the ſcarlet fever, under which ſhe groaned. Our ſucceſs has made arms delightful to me, and as fortune has bleſt me with her favours, I indulge myſelf with honeſt Cartridge in playful arts of defence.

Wid. I ſhould think, Colonel, that after the wounds you have received, and the various hardſhips you have undergone, the thoughts of war would not be ſo pleaſant. How can your country ever repay you for the blood you have ſhed in her ſervice?

Col. I am amply paid by this, Madam. (*Shews the order of* Cincinnati.) This glorious badge, marks me out to my countrymen as their friend, the ſoldier of liberty, and companion of WASHINGTON.—Oh my brother in the healing art! why didſt thou not live paſt Princeton's glorious day, to have worn with me the golden eagle and the boneſt ſcar? But thou, Mercer! waſt impatient to join the heroes of Quebec and Bunker's-Hill, and tell them, Britain's arms no more prevailed.—Pardon me, Madam, you have made me feel.—But why look you ſo ſad, my Caroline?

Wid. For theſe two months, ſhe has looked as gloomy as the Engliſh politicians after the capture of Burgoyne; I fear from that ſigh, ſome ſoldier has fallen in her way as clever at captures as Gates.

Miſs F. Indeed, Sir, I was attentively liſtening to your diſcourſe, and the ſigh that heav'd your boſom at the recollection of your loſt friends, cauſed a reſponding burſt from the breaſt of your Caroline.

Wid. Miſs Felton has not the ſpirits of her ſiſter, Mrs. Racket.

Col. (to Miſs Felton) When your father lived, and I uſed to call you my little darling, your ſpirits were as lively as your ſiſter's, and playful as the kitten, yet unſtained with blood.—You was then a good girl, and you look good yet, my darling.

Miſs F. I thank you, Sir; I will endeavour to deſerve your love.—(*aſide*) This tenderneſs is too much for me *now*. [*Burſts into tears and exit.*

Col. Tears ſo near at hand!

Wid. Indeed, Sir, ſhe is not happy; ſhe is far from it: ever ſince my arrival, ſhe has worn the mark of melancholy in her face, but ſince Capt. Ranter came, ſhe has appeared in continual agitation, and never bleſſed us with a ſmile till ſhe ſaw you.

Col. Alas, my poor girl; 'tis four years ſince I ſaw her: I was then a favourite of her young heart, and then it was one of the beſt of hearts.

Wid. Indeed, Sir, I believe it is ſo yet. She is tenderneſs itſelf; you, I underſtand, though ſo long abſent from them, was their father's friend, and are the patron and ſupporter of her and her ſiſter. The money ſhe receives from you, is employed in deeds of holineſs.

Col. Say you ſo? Lovely girl! ſure, ſuch a heart muſt not long be wrung by anguiſh, for what fools may ſay, heaven will not leave the virtuous to ſorrow.

Wid. I will tell you, Sir, what rivetted my love to her. One day not being well, ſhe had retired to her chamber; I went up to enquire how ſhe did, when opening the door without noiſe, thinking ſhe might be aſleep, a ſcene preſented itſelf which angels might have gazed upon with pleaſure; a poor woman with four ſweet babes, all on their knees before her: I ſtood motionleſs, and heard the woman pouring forth her grateful acknowledgments for a huſband reſcued from priſon, an unfortunate debtor reſtored to his ſtarving children, and their wretched mother! the tears ſtarted from my eyes—I dared not go in—ſhe was in tears, and ſo abſorbed, that ſhe could not attend to any noiſe I made; I feared to interrupt her, & ſtole away.

Col. (*taking her hand*) You are as good as ſhe is—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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